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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLII. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 23, 1899. NUMBER 26.

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Of these States the poet is the equable man,
Not in him but off from him things are grotesque, eccentric, fail of their full returns,
Nothing out of its place is good, nothing in its place is bad,
He bestows on every object or quality its fit proportion, neither more nor less,
He is the arbiter of the diverse, he is the key,
He is the equalizer of his age and land.

* * * * *

As he sees the farthest he has the most faith,
His thoughts are the hymns of the praise of things,

* * * * *

For the great idea, the idea of perfect and free individuals,
For that, the bard walks in advance, leader of leaders,
The attitude of him cheers up slaves and horrifies foreign despots.
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They live in the feelings of young men and the best women,
(Not for nothing have the indomitable heads of the earth been always ready to fall for liberty).

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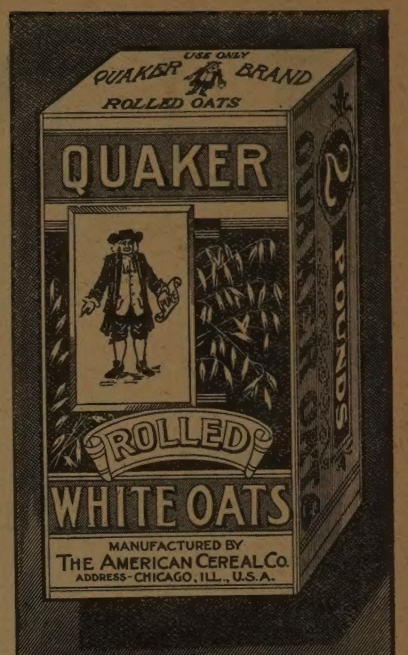

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VOLUME XLII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1899. NUMBER 26.

A correspondent in *The New Voice* is afraid that our president has "the defects of his qualities." It thinks that he is "altogether too patient with abuses which a little energy and resolution would do away with; too patient with the canteen." It is well to have a wise president—one who waits upon the wisdom of the nation—but it is still better to have a great president, who dares inaugurate even at the risk of making mistakes.

The recent visit of Lord Charles Beresford of England to Chicago was a great event in the commercial world. The gentleman is a high functionary in the English navy and is returning from a visit to China, whither he went to advance the commercial interests of his country and incidentally of the civilized world. He aroused great enthusiasm on the Board of Trade of Chicago and addressed the Commercial Club, which consists of the most "solid men" in the city. His message was a pacific one. He argued for free trade with China in such a way that many must have wondered if the logic does not apply to the world. Two opinions he urged with great force; one as to the internal weakness of China, and the other as to its great resources. He paid a tribute to the soldierly qualities of the Chinese and urged the cultivation of friendly relations with them without introducing a policy of conquest and capture.

The Methodists are adding to their millennial task. Some time ago they announced they were to raise twenty million dollars missionary fund to celebrate the dawn of the twentieth century. Now they have added to the task the converting of a million souls. It is rather significant that this should be the after thought rather than the money question. Are the dollars the first consideration, even of the churches? There is something sublimely pathetic in this hurried purpose to call men out of sin to virtue, out of flippancy into seriousness. To stir souls with the permanent passion for excellence, to enkindle the light of the Nazarene in a million hearts is a task worthy the twentieth century, and to doubt the possibility of realizing it in the next few years is to doubt the vitality of truth and the redemptive capacity of the human soul, but to recommit a million intellects to an antique theology, to fasten upon the souls of men obsolete dogmas and exploded doctrines, to bind them to creeds that are challenged by the scholars and the thinkers, that are antagonistic to the college and experience of plain men and women, is a task as doleful as it is impossible. Let Methodism add still another item to its program, and then, indeed, it will justify its millennial hopes. Let its bishops and ministers resolve that they will square Methodism to the thought of the nineteenth century, bring the light of John Wesley down to date, make common cause with progress, expurgate obsolete and obsolescent dogmas, simplify its message so that educated people can understand it as well as the ignorant, reinforce their message with the wisdom and conclusions of science and democracy, make religion a thing for this world, the church a civic center, the pulpit the platform of common sense and consecrated culture; then the million souls and the twenty million dollars will come quickly, and not only Methodism, but the world, will have occasion to greatly rejoice.

A suggestive ciricular has been issued by the State University of Illinois in its agricultural department, which consists of a study of the milk supply of Chicago. The report is signed by Jane Addams of the Hull House and Professor Grindley of the department of chemistry. It shows a shameful degradation of that which Chicago ought to enjoy in its perfection and at the cheapest rates. Chicago is in the heart of a great prairie country, which literally flows with milk, and still here is abundant evidence that systematic fraud is being carried on by the dealers. Milk is impoverished by skimming and by watering, oftentimes to the lessening by half of the nourishing quality of the milk, and there seems to be no remedy, but there must be. The people themselves who suffer from these deteriorations have the remedy in their own hands. The consumer must find a way of making common cause with the original producer, thus securing the milk in its purity, paying the farmer and not the speculator, thus getting nourishment and not water. There is room for legislation and still more legislation. Life can be perpetuated only by coöperation, keeping pace with intelligence. The corporate conscience must express itself in corporate power.

Chicago is again approaching its biennial perplexity over the mayoralty. Important principles are already valiantly championed by able men. There are some good candidates in sight. If the citizens of Chicago could approach this problem on its own merits there could be no possible doubt as to the issue. There are more honest men in Chicago than dishonest, more friends of civic integrity than there are those waiting to loot the public treasury; more believers in municipal ownership and public control of the great natural monopolies of life than there are those who, believing in the people's imbecility, are willing to sign over their fundamental rights and essential property into the hands of private speculators and selfish corporations. But, unfortunately, the whole situation is confused and confounded, because of the entanglements of national politics and party manipulators. Republicans and Democrats are either hopelessly wedded to their idols or are powerless slaves driven in fetters by the party bosses, committees and manipula-

tors from the precinct up to the central committees. The Municipal Voters' League has done valiant work in recent years and will do some good work again this year, but it has fought for men primarily and principles incidentally. Its work has been necessarily temporary and transitory. When the League was organized three years ago it was urged that the time had not yet come for independent municipal action and that this was going to prepare the way for it, and that some day we would come to it. How long! Oh, how long, must we wait! It is one more instance of the "not yet" of good men which is the cause of keeping partisanship where no party issues abide, denominational anxieties where no denominational truths are at stake, class distinctions where no distinctions obtain. Again the dictum of Horace Greeley is in order, "The only way to resume is to resume." Let us have a municipal party committed to the municipal interests of Chicago, independent of national politics, then other cities will take heart and go and do likewise.

Robert A. Waller.

The memory of Robert A. Waller, late comptroller of Chicago, will not perish. It is the misfortune of our country that he was a citizen of a most unusual type. A man of abundant success in business, possessing large means and a great earning capacity, he had unselfishly devoted a large part of his short life to public service. Not to the gratification of political advancement, not to blind partisanship, not to extracting a livelihood from a wronged public treasury, but to *public service.*

As park commissioner, as civil service commissioner, and later as comptroller, he filled offices of great responsibility in quiet modesty and intense devotion to public welfare. In his loyalty to duty and to his friend, the mayor, he stayed at his desk when he should have rested, and he died in harness. His friends know what manner of friend they have lost. The people of Chicago have lost a brilliant and faithful champion of their rights, and a man absolutely honest in every relation of life, and the country has lost one who saw his duty and did it to the government under which he lived as few men see it and fewer do it. He has earned every word that has been said over his grave, and here, where few men die on even terms with the duties of their citizenship, Robert Waller has earned his rest.

The Recall of the Schoolmaster.

The report of the Educational Commission, appointed by Mayor Harrison a year or more ago, recently made public, is arousing great interest, particularly among the teachers. There is danger that the innate dread of a change, the fundamental law of conservatism which expresses itself in the presence of any intervention with existing order, will interfere with the passage of the law recommended by this commission, now pending before the state Legislature. The commission consisted of eleven men. It was organized on non-partisan and non-sectarian lines, containing three members of the city council, two members of the Board of Education and two ex-members of the board. Catholics, Protestants, Republicans and Democrats were there represented. The services of an expert educator were secured as a secretary, and the further coöperation of fifty of the leading educators of the country was found. The document will stand as one of the most important declarations in the interests of popular education published for some time.

That portion of the report relating to the increase of the male element in the teaching force of the city is the clause that seems to arouse the greatest discussion.

No one will misunderstand our relation to the so-called woman question.

We do not consider the sex line as fundamental in mental power, in civic insight or in any of the industrial, economical or spiritual relations of life. Ability is ability, whether it be male or female. Efficiency is efficient, whether it represents man or woman. The school mistress, as developed in the United States, is the benign discovery of the nineteenth century, and if the work of training the young is to be given over to a sex monopoly we should say by all means let the mother sex take it. But no such dire alternative is forced upon us. The commission is quite right when they say that the work of teaching should not be given over to one sex, that the balance of sex should be preserved so far as possible, and still through some fell circumstances it has come to pass that the public schools have almost passed into the hands of woman, greatly to the loss of the schools and greatly to the permanent disadvantage of woman. Superintendent Lane's report for the year ending June 24, 1898, shows that out of 4,527 teachers in the grammar and primary grades of Chicago last year, there were only ninety-eight men—4,429 women and only 405 male teachers of all kinds in a total force of 5,268 teachers in the employment of the city of Chicago. This is a violent wrench to the balance of nature. It takes both the masculine and feminine mind to adequately train a child into the disciplines of life. The problems are sufficiently complex, the task sufficiently hard, the work sufficiently dignified, the associations sufficiently inspiring and noble to justify the ambitions of men and women.

But we seriously dissent from the inferences of the commissioners. We do not believe that this disparity of sex is to be accounted for by wage reasons, and we do not believe it can be remedies by a discrimination as to salaries. If it could, it would be a primal outrage against the law of justice and a violation of the economic equity toward which we are so slowly tending. Wages is not a gift to be determined according to the needs of the laborer or the number dependent upon him, but it is a just return, a *quid pro quo,* for service rendered, and that service is the measure of the pay whether it be rendered by man or woman, black or white, young or old, graduate of Harvard or graduate from the alma mater of Abraham Lincoln—the log schoolhouse in the backwoods. This estrangement of men from the teaching profession has not been a matter of dollars and it cannot be remedied by an unjust discrimination in the interest of dollars. The

minimum wages to the grammar grade teacher in Chicago is five hundred dollars, the maximum thirteen hundred and fifty; while the maximum woman's wages in the high school reaches two thousand dollars. There are hundreds of young men in the city of Chicago with well trained minds, with honest purposes, health, energy, intelligence, public enthusiasm, who would be relieved immeasurably by an assurance of the minimum salary mentioned, with an inspiring task and congenial companionship. We must look further for the cause of the exit of the young man out of the teaching profession. May it not be because there has gathered around the teachers' profession a sickly sentimentality; has it not been hedged about by the petty safeguards of class distinctions and associations? There has been too much bothering about methods and too little application to substance. The girls spend too much time in learning *how* to teach what they *do not know*, so that the stalwart young man evades and avoids the sentimental methods, the superficial studies, the devitalizing reading, that has obtained too much in our school teachers' circles. Our teachers have sacrificed science, literature, mathematics to the *art* of teaching, the framework necessary to the examinations and promotions. Bright and brave young men avoid teaching in its humbler phases for the same reason as they avoid the preachers' task, because it has been so allied with weakness. It has not kept pace with the high thinking and virile studies of the age. The commissioners are wise in recommending that college work be accepted as a substitute for the more technical normal school training. There would be still further wisdom in accepting any clear evidence of original power, mental virility and tireless diligence as a substitute for college work, which often is nerveless and uninspiring.

We have not in the past hesitated in taking the immature girls, whose culture is in a very vealy stage, and given them a chance to show what is in them. Why not do the same to the young boys? Give them a chance to do as the great strong men of this nation used to do—render splendid service to the public, impart some of their boyish strength to the children while they are on their way to their ultimate work, which may or may not be in the public schoolroom. In trying to elevate the work of the teacher into a profession we have overdone it. It has become too rigid, too perfunctory. We have lost the spontaneity and the inspiration of it.

Not more money, but reconstructed public sentiment will bring back the master in the school. Organized labor, while always justifiable, is always in danger of becoming narrow, clannish and unjust. It is a sad pass to find teachers organizing themselves against innovations and to discount reforms and improvements. Let the women teachers abound, but let there be men also. We join with the commission in its recall of the master, who has done the major part of the educational work thus far and is capable of doing his share yet. May not the absence of the master be somewhat accountable for the deplorable difficulty of keeping our boys in school and the pitiable disparity of sex in our graduations?

Io Victis!

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the Battle of Life—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame,
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day
With the wreck of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,
With Death sweeping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus—its pæan for those who have won;
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun
Glad banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on the field of defeat,
In the shadow, with those who are fallen, and wounded, and dying, and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer,
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper, "They only the victory win,
Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be, to die."

Speak, History! who are Life's victors? Unroll thy long annals, and say,
Are they those whom the world called the victors—who won the success of a day?
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans, who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?

W. W. Story.

Those That Fail.

My constituency is numerous. Most people do not succeed. Few attain the good which their ambition sets as the goal. Those who do succeed reach that end only with more slips than firm and forward steps. The waste of life, like the refuse of certain factories, is its most bulky output.

In reading the above I pronounce it miserable pessimism. It is based upon the false notion that success is to be measured by our material gettings or by our visible accomplishments. Life's significance is in its discipline, as we Christians believe in attaining a strength and excellence that are going to count in a longer than earthly existence. In this world we are only God's apprentices, practicing some of the lower forms of the arts that are eternal. Present success is of secondary account.

A young engineer studying under an older one is trained in various departments of his science, but does nothing of importance in any. He practices drafting until he gets somewhat proficient in the art, but draws no plans worth keeping or selling. He estimates truss-strength and wall-thrusts, but builds nothing except as his work disappears in the mass of what the master is building. But those half-drawings and scraps of estimates and partly worked problems will prove more to him than any early job of engineering which brought him pay.

You see the great painting and say, "that was worth doing." You do not see the hundreds of "studies" which litter the artist's portfolio, or which, having no

sale value, he has thrown away. Yet these had more to do with making him a great painter than had the piece which was paid for in the art market. So life's worth is in what it works *at* rather than in what it works *out*.

The bridge builder has toiled for years to span the river; his work is done. The freshet roars against its piers. Will it fall? Suppose the river some day masses its waters beyond what men dreamed possible and the bridge gives way? Or, suppose that at the fatal moment, when the whirlpool swirls beneath the towers and they are beginning to tremble, the torrent exhausts its volume and the bridge stands. If it falls the world sneers at the builder, though it was the strongest bridge ever yet put together; if it should stand because no freshet ever struck it, the builder's fame is immortal. Foolish world! Foolish builder, if he takes the world's opinion much to heart! Is he not the same man with the same merit, whether his work stands or falls? God's apprentice I imagine, perhaps in another world to be in the Creator's engineering department to help swing stars or roof in globes of fire, making them habitable earths.

An American scholar spent years over an abstruse subject; mastered it; prepared a book on it; but before he got to press a Frenchman came out with a treatise on the same subject, and no publisher would print the American's book. Was he any less of a scholar, or less deserving because fortune fell away from him, or fame did not get his name on the edge of her trumpet? The fellow died of disappointment, so the doctors said. It was foolish to do that. He ought to have quietly buried his work, not himself.

The world has recently lost one of its most genial and brilliant writers, William Black. In a sketch of his life, written by himself a few years since, he tells merrily of a dozen failures before he struck his pace of prosperity. One project was the formation of a complete collection of British flowering plants, which was to make his repute as a botanist. Years after he said: "The scant herbarium remains to this day; a poor enough treasure house of botanical lore, but a rich treasure house of memories of innumerable and healthful wanderings by hill and moorland and seashore, through the rain and sunlight, and beautiful colors of the Western Highlands." Sensible man! Why mourn over a herbarium that didn't grow to be a museum but did furnish him with health and joy and the poetry with which he portrayed Highland scenery, and—I will go further—with a keener soul for appreciating the beauties of heaven?

If I get the right idea of heaven it is such an attainment in character that we will do things without any thought of pay, just for the joy of doing. What pay could the world have given Michael Angelo for designing St. Peter's and decorating the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, or Leonardo for painting the Last Supper, or St. Francis for founding his brotherhood of help, or Luther for smiting the devils of superstition, or Livingstone for trying to destroy the slave trade of Africa? Their reward was in the doing. Wasn't it enough to have been an angel singing over Bethlehem without having one's name dropped on the earth?

What are failures? Didn't Hobson fail in his main purpose? But who cares? Are not all martyrs failures? Yet they died gladly. Wasn't Christ a failure in the world's estimate? Yet his meat was to do as he did, and his drink was to suffer as he did. Does not everybody fail, when, as Job says, death cuts us "off in the midst of our purposes?" Seeming success must be only the shuck; life's value is what develops inside.

—*James M. Ludlow, D. D., in the Independent.*

East Orange, N. J.

How queer it is that those who oppose us are always obstinate, while we are simply firm!

The City Wilderness.*

When "Hull House Maps and Papers" appeared, it was reviewed in the *Atlantic Monthly* (January, 1896) under the heading, "Settlers in the City Wilderness." The last part of this phrase has been adopted as the title of a very thorough and well digested study of the conditions of life in the South End, Boston. The first part of the book is occupied with a description of the place, historically considered, the population, the public health, the conditions of work, the political conditions and criminal tendencies. Of these the most remarkable is Chapter VI, on "The Roots of Political Power." After reading it one need no longer wonder at the power of the boss, making use, as he does, of the "gang"—a group beginning in boyhood—with its "judge" or "counselor," the "ward boss in embryo."

As one follows through this description of the maze of modern municipal politics, there are seen to be four principal actors, the contractor or corporation man, the legislator, the boss and the voter, and the nexus between them is the cash box. In the first place, "the highly respectable contractor or corporation man, who directly or indirectly makes deals with him [the boss] does so, because 'business is business.'" He simply buys what he wants from the legislator or official, in state or city. Others have made us familiar with him as "the criminal on the boulevard."

Coming now to the legislator, he has "obligations" to the contractor or corporation man on the one hand and on the other to the boss, through whose influence he is elected. The "corrupt legislator" is also a familiar character.

Then the boss, too, is seen to reach his hands in two directions. "The motive of the boss in seeking favors from the city [or state] government is to satisfy claims against him and to maintain himself." Or, looking toward the voters, "votes are his business; they mean money, power." "He is forced to make men act and vote with him." And, finally, the voters. Why are they faithful to the boss? For the simple reason that they are at his economic mercy. "Without his approval no one in the ward can get a city job." Which factor is it, then, that causes the mischief? Is it the boss? The writer says, "I do not see how any man in his position, however good his character to begin with, could do otherwise than use men as checkers on a board."

Is it the contractor? No, both he and the boss "are caught in the toils of an evil system." Is it the legislator? No, he is simply the "tool" of the corporation man and of the boss, and it is his duty to vote "right." Then it must be the voter! But here, too, the facts prove the contrary, for, as we have seen, his very living depends upon the favor of the boss. What, then, is the cause of corrupt politics? The author does not help us out of our quandary. That is not the purpose of this book. Its descriptions, especially in this chapter, are real and lifelike, but it does not explain the reasons for present conditions. It may, and does, reveal the personal motives that prompt this or that action, but on the economic groundwork it gives us no light. This will become plainer as we go on.

The last part of the book is taken up with "Social Recovery," by a gradual transition through amusements, churches and schools to the more conscious efforts to correct the evils of "congested working class quarters."

The chapter on "The Church and the People" is at once sympathetic and discriminating.

The work of the Roman Catholic churches, which centers largely in the clergy, is briefly but clearly described. Their whole attitude to the social movement

* The City Wilderness. A Settlement Study by Residents and Associates of the South End House, Boston. Edited by Robt. A. Woods, Head of the House. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company 1898. 311 Pages; $1.50.

is well characterized in this way, "It seems to be repugnant to Catholic theory that the church should enter into the non-religious life of its adherents, aside from its traditional work of education and charity." The advantage of this, Mr. Cole thinks, consists in the "great moral reserve by which the church is able to touch life at a few points of vital need with supernatural power;" rather a doubtful advantage, one might say, unless the perpetuation of outgrown superstitions be desirable, because their abandonment would cost something. "The intellectual doubt and revolt from priestly authority," which are mentioned as a cause of the indifference to the church, would rather seem to be the most hopeful feature of the situation.

The total lack of coöperation among the seventeen Protestant churches is attributed largely to the "intermixture of large foreign elements." "Each of them gleans wherever it can throughout the whole region." Most of them are characterized as "churches rather of a class than of a locality."

Two of even the most active churches, those that represent the "tradition of the old-time family church," are "churches of the well-to-do middle class." The devotion of one of these (Baptist) to "straight gospel work" is accounted for by the fact that it is stranded on the dogma of the nearness of Christ's second coming. Three churches, however, have "broken away from the tradition of the family church" "under the compulsion of a changed environment" and "aim to minister to man's social and mental as well as spiritual needs." The most progressive of these, however—a Universalist church—"aims chiefly to be an evangelistic agency." Two of them frankly regard their social work as points of approach to the spiritual nature, while the social effort of the other flows out of its religious ministry.

Passing by other unique and fantastic forms of religious expression, we find in general that "one-fourth of the nominal Protestant population has no church affiliation of any kind."

The writer estimates the maximum proportion of Protestant church-goers as one-third of the number of nominal Protestants. Here we have, then, illustrations of two distinct lines of religious effort, the Catholic, with its call away from the world, and the Protestant, with its endeavor to impart cheer and uplifting influence in the midst of the struggle of life. But both seem to be losing their grip on the people. "The work done is certainly enough in quantity for different results."

The writer thinks that even if it were raised to the highest point of its efficiency, "the ordinary Protestant church, as it is at present, can [could] reach men of a certain sort only." "There is a perceptible and constantly increasing estrangement between the working classes, as such, and the churches." "There is no true democracy either within the church or where the church comes in contact with the community." "The great trouble with the church is that the persons who compose it have never yet come into the right sort of personal human relations with men." Their attitude is that of "a superior social class."

This is a severe indictment from one who is himself in evident sympathy with the churches, and who believes that social recovery is too be "brought about by a quickened social conscience among the well-to-do and cultured," and that this already "most charited region in Christendom" is to be recovered by still further "contributions of money or effort in connection with its varied centers of human service."

In other words, change of heart on the part of the "superior social class," whose organs the churches are, is depended upon for "social recovery."

It now remains to be seen whether this change of heart which the churches have failed to effect can be brought about by the new philanthropy. This book is a contribution and stimulus to this end. It is hardly to be expected, therefore, that it should throw much light on the efforts of the inferior social class to assert itself. What it has to say on "Work and Wages" is in that part of the book which pictures the problem. The rising tide of self-consciousness on the part of the working class is hardly recognized. This is to be accounted for by the fact that the standpoint of the writers is that of those who believe that "those who have power can be moved to a surrender of their position through preaching and promise."

Chapter X contains some strong and wise words about the public school as an agency of social recovery, in discipline, in the assimilation of the heterogeneous population into American unity, in stimulating the sentiment of patriotism—all as a means of "bringing about social solidarity." The same idea is emphasized in speaking of the kindergarten as "a child democracy, a coöperative state in miniature." In contrast with the "fatal precision" of "street education," cultivating the "predominating impulse to get free from restraints," is pointed out the effect of manual training in stimulating the creative impulses. It is the enemy of indifference and wilfulness. It creates sincerity, for wood and tools are a reality, and "a boy's work stands plainly visible, approving or condemning him."

The South End is certainly fortunate in having seven public and four private kindergartens, in the amount of handiwork done in the grammar schools and in at least the recognition that "manual education should not come to an end short of the trade school." That is more than can be said of any similar district in Chicago.

The need of manual training to the point of special trade instruction is recognized because "the number of boys who quit school at an early age and are forced to take up any odd job that offers, thus growing up to swell the ranks of unskilled laborers, is very large."

So that "for poor children whose material welfare and moral salvation very largely turn upon getting started in some skilled trade, our system of education is obviously deficient."

It was doubtless outside of the scope of the purpose of this book to point out that the present economic system flourishes because of the existence of great masses of unskilled labor and that, moreover, its tendency is to become more and more independent of skilled labor on account of the introduction of automatic machines. To-day little girls make heavy doors in Oshkosh, Wis. What is the use then, asks the modern capitalist, of educating great numbers of skilled laborers to do automatic work, such as modern industry more and more requires? A horde of cheap workers are the *sine qui non* of capitalistic success. Hence the indifference of the ruling class to the deficiencies of our system of education.

This, of course, is no real objection to the value and need of manual training, and the author's instinct is right in urging it, but his reason for it is hardly adequate, viz., as being a solution of the problem of the unemployed or poorly employed.

Great numbers of men are out of work or are poorly paid, not because they are unskilled, but because the means of the production of wealth are controlled by a few for their own purposes. The question is not how to give some men an advantage over the many by greater skill, in striving for a few prizes bestowed by their economic masters, but how to educate all so as to be wise enough to be their own masters in the use of the means of production as well as the control of their spirits. For this end it is certainly time "that our system of education is obviously deficient." But to point this out was evidently not within the circle of the author's intention.

Indeed, this is the limitation, doubtless intentional,

imposed upon the whole book. It is a good illustration of the great skill, now not uncommon, of saying many things about the social problem without stating the problem itself. There are innumerable references to "the industrial struggle," "social healing," "the welfare of the working classes," "congested working class quarters," the "lack of the working peoples' share in civilizing influence," their "isolation," the "disintegration of neighborhood life," "unsanitary arrangements," "the problem of the unemployed," "the victims of apprehension," "the unending struggle with poverty," "struggling but sturdy working people," "the staggering burden" of rent, "the curse of the poor is their poverty," "the thralldom of many poor families," "the crushing power of the circumstances that surround the life of poverty" and even "the fundamental economic wrongs which affect working class life." We are told that criminality "is due in large part to the social conditions that exist here." "The real degradation of the district" "consists in the existence of conditions and agencies which make crime easy and fascinating and virtue hard and unattractive;" that drunkenness is due to "the absence of resource in the poor man's life;" that the source of prostitution is "that the woman, like the rest of the world, seeks a higher standard of freedom and opportunity than that which she has," but, after all, there is no evidence that the authors see the source of the evils they describe, and hence they may well conclude as the chapter on "Criminal Tendencies" does: "It may well be said * * * that there is no organized force yet in evidence which, were its possibilities exhausted, would be equal to these dark and tragic evils" (p. 175).

That there is a social problem, Mr. Woods at any rate clearly sees, for in speaking of the "ingenious sympathy" (a fine characterization) shown in social effort, he says: "The supreme question is as to the actual public worth of all the expenditure of time, money and spirit laid out upon the local social problem" (p. 246).

He recognizes the futility of much of the charitable, and even of much of the philanthropic effort of the day. These he speaks of under the figure of the treatment of disease as *remedial* and *recuperative*, and regards the really vital policy as *reconstructive* in nature.

Under the *remedial* he includes the efforts of the Associated Charities, the Overseers of the Poor, child-saving institutions, the philanthropic provision of employment, rescue missions and the reclamation of women who lead an evil life. Of this latter he says: "There is no form of human helpfulness so totally inadequate to the need it aims to meet."

Under the recuperative are classed the boys' and girls' clubs, "home libraries," summer exursions, men's clubs and reading rooms, women's clubs, social and educational institutes and the social settlement, especially in its clubs and neighborly relations. The author lays great stress on the importance of the personal element in settlement effort. "At Denison House, for example, "the freedom with which neighbors come to the house is the result of much inside acquaintance with local family life."

The chief result of the informal groups is "in the way of establishing personal relations that are the channel of distinct moral influence." "The best results come only with intimacy; a crowd makes that impossible." "The cardinal points of the settlement policy with regard to the clubs are that the groups should be small; that the leaders should be 'lavish of personal influence.'" "Their [the settlements] real use in the world is to reëstablish on a natural basis those social relations which modern city life has thrown into confusion, and to develop such new form of coöperative and public action as the changed situation may demand." This surely is broad enough, and hence we are not surprised to hear that "the settlements reach across the line of distinction" "between remedial and recuperative work on the one hand, toward social reconstruction on the other."

If every settlement resident had even as clear a view of his relation to the social problem as this we should have less effusive, haphazard good-doing and more intelligent purposeful effort for the remaking of society. As to the actual agencies working toward social reconstruction are mentioned the meetings for discussion of economic questions at the settlement, co-operation with strikers in a just cause, model tenements, public baths, cheap lodging houses and restaurants, the stamp saving society, social clubs, secret fraternities, socialist propaganda, trade unions for men and women, factory legislation, municipal provision of opportunities for recreation and public library facilities. It is no doubt the intention of the authors to include, among these agencies at least, some of the amusements (Chapter VIII), the churches (IX) and the schools (X). Even then one cannot fail to be impressed with the inadequacy of the means to the end. One would expect some radical proposals to meet such a bold statement of the problem as the following: "The real problem is that the people here are from birth at the mercy of great social forces, which move almost like the march of destiny" (p. 290).

But, as we have noticed before, it is not the purpose of the book to point the way out of the city wilderness. There are mentioned, however, certain forms of activity, which must obviously be taken to preserve at least the self-respect of the community.

Starting with the proposition that "the first step with a difficult equation is the elimination of certain factors," Mr. Woods' plan is to deal first with the confirmed pauper, prostitute and drunkard by the "habitual criminal act," then abolish the tramp by making the city's treatment of him so rigorous as to "put the city on every tramp's black list," then abolish rear tenement buildings; in a word, "so much of the social wreckage must be dredged out." Then the work of organized charity would be free from its perplexities, the saloon could be moralized, the path of female virtue made more attractive, the churches, schools and philanthropic centers could find easier expression and greater influence, law could be enforced; in short, all the moral forces be strengthened.

The author also points out that "the increasing tendency of the city government in Boston is to concern itself closely with the great common interests of the people" (p. 395), and that "the present mayor is putting into crystallized form this principle, that the administration of modern cities must more and more be socialized" (p. 306).

We have here a picture and a problem by one who has lived sympathetically with the working people and thought deeply of their woes, but the reader will be disappointed if he expects to find indicated the real trend of events or to hear a bold, hopeful note showing "the way out."

The author recognizes, to be sure, the coming on of "a slow but mighty underlying movement." He says: "Here the stream may be studied so far as to measure the level it seeks, the momentum with which it is driven." But, after all, he leaves us without light as to the real nature of this movement, nor offers any adequate plan for its control.

The book describes vividly how "Relentless influences of evil break in upon the people," and patiently how "unparalleled energies of good are striving to heal the breach," but there is hardly a hint of social control and utilization of these resistless forces. Even the "reconstructive" efforts described are the obvious and unavoidable ones in a society whose economic forces are controlled by a few for the few.

Once the writer seems to get a glimpse of the fact

that the measures which he himself advocates as bringing about the "elimination of certain factors" do not get at the heart of the problem, and are not really the important factors. This is when he says: "Nothing need be expected in this district from any vague cry of 'municipal reform,' for that means merely the political notions, and, mistakenly or not, the political self-interests of a distant superior class" (p. 305).

Now the instinct of "the masses" in their indifference to middle-class measures of reform is a fact too important to overlook. It makes little difference whether the confirmed criminal, prostitute and tramp are squeezed out of the community or not, unless the forces that produced them are directed into sane and healthful channels.

The standpoint of the book is that of the Christian socialist, who expects that men of all classes, when once present evils are properly explained, will lovingly unite for their overthrow. Until this universal softening of the heart takes place those whose hearts have been touched should devote themselves to the reduction of social friction. One may at least question whether this attitude toward the social problem is not based on an inadequate estimate of the force of the opposing interests, the balance of whose power really determines the conditions of economic and moral life.

To the kind-hearted philanthropist who sees the horrors of warfare, their alleviation, and the methods thereof, no less than the cultivation of brotherly feeling seem all important and the way out, but for one who understands the causes of warfare it is not enough to cultivate friendly relations between individuals nor to make army life endurable, nor to abolish camp followers, male and female; it is necessary for the armies to make common cause against those who plunge them into warfare for their own ends. Once at peace, army discipline ("enforcement of law") will be a simple matter; there will be no danger from deserters (tramps), nor fear of unsanitary camps (tenements), and as for the camp followers (criminal and prostitute) there will be an easier way for them to make a living than to be parasites on their fellow men.

The practical reformer is he who calls attention to this inevitable struggle between the wage-workers and their masters, and makes clear the issues thereof, not he who obscures them by urging alleviating measures.

Within its limits, "The City Wilderness" is a masterpiece, and will undoubtedly have great effect in arousing the social spirit in that happily growing part of the community whose enlarging sympathies are an indication of the insecurity of the power of the class to which they belong.

WILLIAM H. NOYES.

Henry Booth House, Chicago.

Good Poetry.

The Hadley Weathercock.

On Hadley steeple proud I sit,
Steadfast and true; I never flit;
Summer and winter, night and day,
The merry winds around me play;
And far below my gilded feet
The generations come and go
In one unceasing ebb and flow,
Year after year in Hadley street.
I nothing care—I only know
God sits above, He wills it so;
While roundabout, and roundabout, and roundabout I go,
The way o' the wind, the changing wind, the way o' the wind
to show.

The hands that for me paid the gold
A century since have turned to mold;
And all the crowds who saw me new
In seventeen hundred fifty-two,
(A noble town was Hadley then,
And beautiful as one could find),
Dead, long years dead, and out of mind,
Those stately dames and gallant men!
But I abide, while they are low,
God ruleth all, He wills it so;
And roundabout, and roundabout, and roundabout I go,
The way o' the wind, the changing wind, the way o' the wind
to show.

The wind blew south, the wind blew north;
I saw an army marching forth;
And when the wind was hushed and still,
I heard them talk of Bunker Hill.
From Saratoga, bold Burgoyne,
(His sullen redcoats, past the town,
To Aqua Vitæ's plain marched down),
In Hadley mansion stopped to dine.
The new state comes! The King must go!
Glory to God who wills it so!
And roundabout, and roundabout, and roundabout I go,
The way o' the wind, the changing wind, the way o' the wind
to show.

The wind blows east, the wind blows west,
In Hadley street the same unrest.
On every breeze that hither comes,
I hear the rolling of the drums,
And well do I know the warning;
The wind blows north, the wind blows south,
The ball has left the cannon's mouth,
And the land is filled with mourning.
In Freedom's name they struck the blow;
The land is one, God wills it so.
And roundabout, and roundabout, and roundabout I go,
The way o' the wind, the changing wind, the way o' the wind
to show.

Though all things change upon the ground,
Unchanging, sure, I'm ever found.
In calm, or tempest, sun or rain,
No eye inquires of me in vain.
Though many a man betray his trust,
Though some may honor, sell, or buy,
Like Peter, some their Lord deny,
Yet here I preach till I am rust;
Blow high, blow low, come weal, or woe,
God sits above, He wills it so.
Then roundabout, and roundabout, and roundabout I go,
The way o' the wind, the changing wind, the way o' the wind
to show.

—*Julia Taft Bayne.*

To a Field Mouse.

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal.

I doubt nat, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What, then? Poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
An' never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin',
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin'
Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble
An' cranreuch cauld?

But, Mousie thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee;
But, och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
And forward, tho' I cana see,
I guess and fear.

—*Robert Burns.*

Curiosities of Literature.

The following from "A Dialogue on Oratory," by Tacitus, belongs in this department, not only for the quaint wisdom it contains, but for the curiously modern aspect of the problem. Tacitus lived in the first century of the Christian era, in what we now clearly see to be the decadent period of Rome. If there is any aptness in his words to the present situation it may well suggest the question, Is there not a decadence possible to the United States as to Rome? All change is not advancement, and the last day is not necessarily the noblest day in the life of any people:

The Training of Children.

Who does not know that eloquence and all other arts have declined from their ancient glory, not from dearth of men, but from the indolence of the young, the carelessness of parents, the ignorance of teachers and neglect of the old discipline? The evils which first began in Rome soon spread through Italy, and are now diffusing themselves into the provinces. But your provincial affairs are best known to yourselves. I shall speak of Rome, and of those native and home-bred vices which take hold of us as soon as we are born, and multiply with every stage of life, when I have first said a few words on the strict discipline of our ancestors in the education and training of children. Every citizen's son, the child of a chaste mother, was from the beginning reared, not in the chamber of a purchased nurse, but in that mother's bosom and embrace; and it was her special glory to study her home and devote herself to her children. It was usual to select an elderly kinswoman of approved and esteemed character to have the entire charge of all the children of the household. In her presence it was the last offense to utter an unseemly word or to do a disgraceful act. With scrupulous piety and modesty she regulated not only the boy's studies and occupations, but even his recreations and games. Thus it was, as tradition says, that the mothers of the Gracchi, of Cæsar, of Augustus—Cornelia, Aurelia, Atia—directed their children's education and reared the greatest of sons. The strictness of the discipline tended to form in each case a pure and virtuous nature, which no vices could warp, and which would at once with the whole heart seize on every noble lesson. Whatever its bias—whether to the soldier's or the lawyer's art, or to the study of eloquence—it would make that its sole aim, and imbibe it in its fulness.

But in our day we intrust the infant to a little Greek servant girl, who is attended by one or two—commonly the worst of all the slaves—creatures utterly unfit for any important work. Their stories and their prejudices from the very first fill the child's tender and uninstructed mind. No one in the whole house cares what he says or does before his infant master. Even parents themselves familiarize their little ones, not with virtue and modesty, but with jesting and glib talk; which lead on by degrees to shamelessness, and to contempt for themselves as well as for others. Really I think that the characteristic and peculiar vices of this city—a liking for actors and a passion for gladiators and horses—are all but conceived in the mother's womb. When these occupy and possess the mind, how little room has it left for worthy attainments! Few, indeed, are to be found who talk of any other subjects in their homes; and whenever we enter a class-room, what else is the conversation of the youths? Even with the teachers, these are the more frequent topics of talk with their scholars. In fact, they draw pupils, not by strictness of discipline or by giving proof of ability, but by assiduous court and cunning tricks of flattery.

TACITUS.

Our real commentators are our strongest traits of character, and we usually come out of the Bible with all those texts sticking to us which our idiosyncrasies attract.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Out Doors.

Away up on the Northern Peninsula of Michigan lives my friend Reuter. He is a "settler," as opposed to the despoiling and shifting lumberman. When I want to hunt deer I write him a month in advance and he walks ten miles of trail and road to the station and helps pack in my outfit, and when the hunt is over we put our game in a wagon and drive out thirty miles by road, so-called, to another town. As we go out into the woods there is a sandy road for a few miles, where the hideous waste of the "choppings" shows five trees ruthlessly destroyed for every pine made into lumber; then follows a mile of corduroy through the muck and moss of a tangled cedar swamp, and then we branch off on a trail that leads over the hard wood ridges and "home." The beech and maple in autumn foliage and the bright tints on the underbrush are charming after the desolation we have passed. At length we turn down into a clearing fenced round with logs and stumps and roots and brush, presided over by a modest log house and a more modest stable. There is a struggling potato patch and a smaller area devoted to turnips, a couple of acres of corn and a clover field. There are two horses rejected by a lumber camp in the barn, a decrepit farm wagon standing out in the weather. There are industrious hens walking and "cawking" about and nimble pigs are digging their own potatoes. Down in the woods by the trout-stream a cow bell is fitfully jangling and a procupine goes scuttling into the stump fence. "Everding vat you vant," says Fritz, and he says well, for Fritz is an exponent of the philosophy of contentment. He does odd jobs in winter for the lumbermen. He helps drive logs in the early spring when he wants excitement, in summer he aids his chickens in scratching in the garden and in the fall he puts in his time in pursuit of deer and evasion of the game law as far as it provides against shipping deer out of the state, and in enforcing with joy that portion which permits the slaughter of dogs that are pursuing them.

An adjoining settler possesses a wife, who feeds the horses when the men are away and milks the cow when that animal remembers to come home.

One day it is related that a man came into the clearing and met Fritz rushing excitedly out of the door. He said he was hungry. "Hoongry, eh," said Fritz. Excuse me; don't you hear dot hund? Dose Cheecago fellars is come back. I vant dot animal. Come in, come in; dere is de flour, und de coffee, und dere is my old gun und dere is a porky up dot tree. Help yourself. I'm in a hurry."

I asked one day how the floor planks came to be gouged in such a curious way. "Ven dey get greezy I shoost turn 'em ofer und de porkys clean 'em," said Fritz

"Yes, yes; dose bills on dot schpindle is vot I call bills payable, und dose andere ones is bills dot may be paid." A great man whom finances cannot worry.

We start out in the morning at no unholy hour, and, agreeing on a course and a rate of speed, we travel along abreast, a hundred yards apart—not particularly quiet about it, but just in the gait the hunter learns—and avoiding dead twigs and sudden noises. There goes something sailing off through the woods. It is a dim gray body with a great white flag. "Look out, Fritz!!" And then the old 45-90 roars through the woods. "Get him?" "I dink so." A couple of minutes afterward and a joyous whoop goes up and I find Fritz cleaning a good one. It is hung on a tree and we circle around toward home.

I am walking on a deserted logging road through a piece of swampy ground. Thirty yards away runs a

sharp moraine ridge. Suddenly between me and the ridge there is a crash of dead brush and the flash of a great head of horns. This is snap shooting; no need of sighting; just reasonable accuracy and quick work before the cedars are reached. Bang, bang, snaps the 30-30, and over he rolls. "Hooey," yells Fritz; but my howls cannot be printed; they are soul-felt songs without words.

A Pagan Parable.

He was a large, blonde man looking for trouble, so he walked down South Clark street, where trouble lives.

A small, dark man was standing at a basement stairway brandishing a gun, when a flatiron and a lot of oriental profanity hit him amidships. The large man at once reduced him to subjection and then asked what he was doing. "I am collecting rent on my property," replied the small man. "Get out, you dirty dago," replied the man who looked for trouble. "It's blackmail you are trying to collect from this opium joint." Then he gave the small man a few pennies and told him to run home and play, which request was obeyed.

The large man thought there was something good inside. When he beat in the door the laundryman broke his nose with a stove lid. The large man stepped on the heathen's face and looked about.

"Alas, alackaday," said the man who looked for trouble, "I have lost my beauty and spent my good money for a chance to steal a hot stove. Then he kicked the prostrate pagan in the ribs and went off mumbling something about the white man's burden.

Machine Politics.

Seven jack-rabbits, fifteen sheep and a burro set up to govern themselves. It required effort until a coyote came along and persuaded them that by electing him they would be governing themselves. As he ate only half of the lambs and two of the rabbits and most of the burro's corn, they were saved a lot of trouble. The coyote often talked with them of free government and the sacred ballot box.

SIGN FOR A FREE DENTAL DISPENSARY.

"Teeth extracted without payin'."

WILLIAM KENT.

An Examination in Geography.

Col. Alexander Gardner, in his volume entitled "Soldier and Traveler," says that during a stay in Asia he was once suspected of being a Russian spy.

This was an accusation of great consequence, as Russians were very unpopular at the time; but the traveler was prostrate with fever and almost indifferent as to what might befall him.

Application was made to the khan of Khiva; and, in a great state of anxiety as to the traveler's identity, he deputed three learned men, who had traveled over half the world, to examine him. This was the abstruse and terrific examination with which they were satisfied:

"What are you?" asked they.

"An American," was the answer.

Still they were suspicious; and one man, a very enlightened scholar, offered, as a crowning test, this deep and conclusive geographical question:

"Could you go by land from America to England?"

"No," was the prompt reply; and the questioner, as much delighted at his own superior learning as at the traveler's integrity, declared that he was convinced. This was an American indeed.—Exchange.

The Pulpit.

Imperialism.

A Lecture by Wm. M. Salter, before the Society for Ethical Culture of Chicago, in Steinway Hall, Feb. 12, 1899.

Three great issues have been before the American people within the last twelve months. The first was whether this nation should put an end to Spanish oppression in Cuba and set the island free. The second was whether, having broken the Spanish power in the Philippines, the nation should thereafter return the islands to Spain or turn them over to some other Power or leave them to themselves, in any case washing its own hands of them; or whether it should assume some manner of responsibility for them. The third issue is now before us. We have freed Cuba; we have accepted responsibility for the Philippines—and the question now is, how shall we discharge that responsibility, in what spirit shall we act, do we really wish to own the Philippines or do we wish to make them free?

Each one of these issues has tried, or is trying, keenly the temper of the people. Some thought in the first place that Cuba was no concern of ours—abhorred the war altogether. Later, many believed that we should do anything rather than charge ourselves with the Philippines—some, like Prof. Norton, even advocating leaving them to Spain. But the main body of the people was moved in both instances by humaner, more generous thoughts. The nation has acted on the assumption that we were our brother's keeper—and even to islands in distant seas we have stretched out the friendly hand. The nation has assumed responsibility and has even agreed to pay Spain $20,000,000 for a quit-claim deed to the islands. From a legal point of view the Philippines are in our hands.

And now an issue has arisen that entirely overshadows the earlier ones. It has not stood out clearly till now. When men have urged keeping control of the Philippines, they have been called Imperialists, or in any case Expansionists. But it may be that they were, and it may be they were not. It is possible to approve of both the war and the Paris treaty, and yet to be opposed to imperialism or expansion. Imperialism now first has a distinct signification—I mean, as related to a practical issue. Imperialism was not the issue a year ago; it was not the issue when the treaty was signed in Paris. Now it is the issue—do we believe in *forcible* expansion or not? For that is the meaning of imperialism, and that is the question now confronting the American people.

The events of the past week have been simply shocking; they have been humiliating to anyone who loved old-fashioned American ideas. But they have only brought home to everybody what the thoughtful and discerning already knew. This is that the Philippinos want freedom, just as the Cubans did, and the question is, have we broken the Spanish power over them to set them free, or to give them a new master? A people that does not care for freedom is perhaps not worth freeing, but the Philippinos have cared enough for freedom to make several unaided attempts at it during the century. Twelve times, despairing of a peaceful redress of grievances, they have risen in insurrection. They are naturally peaceful; according to General Merritt they are not natural and pertinacious fighters, like our Indians, but docile and amiable. Far away as they have been, we have known or heard little of them, but of the last revolutionary uprising in 1896 we have distinct information. It had six separate objects:

(1) The expulsion of the monastic orders, who,

even Catholic authorities admit, practiced fearful abuses.

(2) The abolition of the Governor General's arbitrary power to banish without accusation, trial or sentence.

(3) Restoration to the natives of lands held by the religious orders.

(4) A limitation of the arbitrary powers of the civil guard.

(5) No arrest without judge's warrant.

(6) Abolition of the fifteen days per annum compulsory labor.

These were hardly the demands of savages, either in morals or mind. The Philippinos are evidently human beings, in some respects not unlike ourselves. Indeed, while the bulk of them [I have in mind, particularly, Luzon, where are five out of the seven or eight million, making up the population of the islands] are uneducated and half-civilized, they have some of the marks of a superior people. They wish education. They are cleanly, are hospitable and obliging. They have a pleasing family life. Wives have an amount of liberty hardly equaled in any other Eastern country, and they seldom abuse it. The men are self-respecting and self-restrained to a remarkable degree. The climate allows them to be indolent, yet they possess many fine branches of industry (making beautiful mats and elegant linen fabrics), and they imitate such branches of European industry as ship building, leather dressing and carriage building, with great success. With their patriarchal system of living, they have not learned the art of forming a state and are commonly supposed to be destitute of the capacity of governing themselves; yet the stress of circumstances has developed leaders among them and during the past year an attempt has been made to organize a government. For three centuries they have been subject to Spanish rule, and it is absurd to deny the existence of capacities that have not been allowed to grow. What their capabilities are is shown in the nature and personnel and working of the extempore government they now have and which makes so much a part of the gravity of the present situation that I must give a few details.

Its seat is in Malolos, forty-five miles from Manila. There the Philippine Congress sits in an old Spanish church. It had eighty-three members when it declared the republic on the 16th of September last; more have since been added. Of these eighty-three, seventeen were graduates of European universities. The President studied at Madrid and Salamanca, taking degrees in theology and law, and is an author, his works on the life and manners of the inhabitants of Luzon having been translated into German. The head proper of the government is a man who had been, under Spanish rule, a petty governor of his native town, a landed proprietor and by no means an adventurer with all to gain and nothing to lose—Aguinaldo. Aguinaldo was the leader of the insurrection of 1896, and yet when the Spanish government agreed to make concessions and to pay the wages of the insurgent troops, he counseled peace and his counsel prevailed. (I may add that the insurgents disbanded and kept their agreement to the letter, while the Spanish government did nothing in the way of reforms and only paid a third of the money promised, and that the payment of this to Aguinaldo, the recognized representative of the insurgents,[1] constitutes the only basis I have been able to discover for the charge which our papers are making that he was a blackmailer and a bandit.) According to a writer in the *Review of Reviews*, who knew him, "friends and enemies agree that he is intelligent, ambitious, far-sighted, brave, self-controlled, honest, moral, vindictive and at times cruel." His cruelty has been kept well in check, however, during the past year, for all accounts agree that he has been temperate in the use of his power and that his soldiers have treated their Spanish prisoners more humanely than the Spaniards used to treat the Philippinos who fell into their hands. His extraordinary ability as a military organizer are commonly admitted. Encouraged in part by our own representatives, he came from Hong Kong (where he had been since the insurrection of 1896) to Luzon, organized a native revolutionary army, was of incalculable advantage to our own military forces, captured something like 15,000 Spaniards, raised large sums of money ranging as high as $200,000 a month, and under his leadership the Spanish dominion was practically confined to two towns, Manila in Luzon and Iloilo in Panay, Iloilo itself being afterward surrendered by the Spanish to him. The fact is that up to last Sunday American authority hardly extended beyond the walls of Manila City, the whole of the rest of Luzon, as well as some of the other islands being in the hands of the native government. This government sent an embassy to the Paris Peace Conference, setting forth that it embraced fifteen provinces and that in all of them good order and tranquility prevailed. An acknowledged authority on the Philippines, long a resident there, writes in a recent review that he has before him a list of the township presidents throughout Luzon, many of whom he has personally known for years.[2] Since the government has obtained possession of Iloilo, law and order has equally prevailed there, according to the testimony of our own observers. The Philippine government sent a representative to Washington, whom our government refused to receive, though personally, and as he has conducted himself, no one has taken exception to him. But a short time since the Congress at Malolos passed a fresh vote of confidence in Aguinaldo and empowered him to declare war on America whenever he should deem it desirable. Grant that this government may not be an ideal government, grant that it may not act wisely, grant that it does not represent the whole people of the Philippines but only the more enterprising and progressive classes, none the less it is something, and I should think any lover of freedom, any old-fashioned American, would welcome it as a beginning and as prophetic of greater things that may some time come.

I started out by saying that the Philippinos wanted freedom and I have stated all these things to show what manner of people they were. And now the question is, Spain having transferred to us whatever title to the islands she possessed (and I am not sorry for it), no other nation having the right to interfere, what shall we do? Shall we proceed to enforce our title after the Spanish fashion, or shall we respect the instincts and aspirations for freedom of those dusky tribes, do all in our power to help perfect the independent political institutions that are already in their infancy, and defend them against any possible assault from without? It will not do to say that the Philippines are ours in the sense in which the territory between the Atlantic and the Pacific is ours. All we have is a quitclaim deed to them from Spain. We have whatever title Spain had. But what in the light of American ideas was that title worth? There is an old notion lying at the foundation of our political system that government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed. Without insisting on a literal and pedantic interpretation of that notion, its general meaning is plain. It is the charter of our liberty, the spiritual basis of American institutions. In the name of that idea and under its sacred sanction we flung ourselves into the Cuban war. Despite all low motives that intermingled, there was a note of idealism

1. See *Review of Reviews*, Feb., 1896, p. 168.

2. John Foreman, *National Review*, Nov. '98, p. 328.

in our first pronouncement. We have not sinned against that idea (unless in the war with Mexico) till now; the constraining motive in our declaration to England about Venezuela was of this character—we will not have political freedom trenched upon on this continent, that was the meaning of it. Are we ready, is the American people ready to forget that idea now? Circumstances do alter cases; does it alter this case, or is it a principle of the national life? The Monroe doctrine may be abandoned, though I think it has been rather extended than abandoned in the recent war (for the root principle of it is nothing else than concern for liberty); the wise counsels of the fathers, of even great Washington, may no longer be applicable; but is the Declaration of Independence simply a counsel or is it rather America's life blood? For my own part, I am in this case a conservative, for when the past is so fortunate as to have enunciated a principle, I know nothing else than to cling to it. Idealism and conservatism blend in one. Happy is that country that can look back as well as forward to something great. Many countries are glad to cover up their beginnings; thank the blessed fates, we in America are in luckier stead.

Now, if the Philippinos wished to become a part of us, we should not sin against our great principle in incorporating them, however undesirable and politically inexpedient such a result might be, and the ratified treaty would leave the world nothing to say against it. We might have cherished this idea at the start, we might have thought that any subject people would be glad to come under the protection of our flag; but apparently we are mistaken, we are waking up to see that other peoples, even so-called inferior peoples, may have a desire to have their own political existence as truly as we did, now a hundred and more years ago. We are confronted with a situation in which we have a paper title to a people that after all does not wish to belong to us. If they were our own people as the South was, we might hold them even against their consent; but they are foreigners and outsiders to start with. We have absolutely no claim on them at all save the quitclaim title which Spain has given us, and what, after all, does that title amount to in the light of the facts of this past week, save permission to make a conquest of them? We hear much of expansion, of inevitable expansion, of the instinct to live and grow and expand itself which every great people feels. Americans talk in this way as well as Englishmen and I will not deny that there is some truth in it; all I can say is that according to the American idea there are rightful limitations to the process and these limitations are set in the terms of the Declaration of Independence, and if we forget those limitations we become no better than the Roman Empire of old, and our republic is but a name. These limitations hold against a weak people as truly as against a strong one. The test of justice is in respecting the weak, and if justice is laid low it will lay us low in time. There is only one thing stronger than man or the strongest and most expansive nation, and that is the immortal laws, God.

This nation has had full warning of the dire events that have happened this past week. Ever since Dewey entered Manila Bay we could, if we had our ears to the ground, hear the murmurs and resolves of certain dark-skinned people that they would throw off a hated oppressor's yoke and would not bow meekly to a new master. There has been apparently much holding the ears to the ground to know what our people really wanted, but there has not been apparently much heeding of what even came over the wires from the distant East. We knew or could have known that conditions were ripe for a fresh insurrection, we knew or could have known that after Dewey's victory it began, we ourselves aiding and abetting, and in turn profiting by it. We supplied the insurgents with arms and ammunition; through our agent at Hong Kong we encouraged Aguinaldo to go back to Luzon, we even allowed them to think that we should favor Philippine independence; they innocently believed that we sympathized with them, that having set out to free the Cubans, we could not be indifferent to their own aspirations. They did not wish German aid and refused it when it was offered to them, but they were willing to be beholden to us—we the great liberty-loving power of the West. They would not seriously oppose a temporary American protectorate. All this appeared in their formal statement to the American people, brought to this country by Agoncillo in September. Yes, as late as two months ago they recognized that such a protectorate would be necessary to them, as otherwise they would, with whatever government they might set up for themselves, sooner or later become the prey of some greedy Power. But gradually they have become skeptical of our intentions. They have been led to suspect that we after all want to own their islands, and who will deny with some reason? They claim that their shipping has been interfered with and arms and ammunition seized; they claim their taxes are under the American authorities increased and old custom house abuses continued. Three times they have tried, and tried in vain, to secure official recognition, through their representative, from the United States government. The United States will not declare what its future intentions are. It refuses to say that it will not hold the islands permanently. The President talks of "benevolent assimilation," and when a Senator assuming to speak for the administration announces that our duty is to be only temporary, there is a disavowal of the statement. Everything looks like expansion, peaceful expansion if possible, forcible expansion if necessary, but expansion in every case. The Philippinos scent imperialism, and they are right. Victory has intoxicated this people; the commercial spirit is seducing it, making it forget itself and leave the straight grand path it entered on a year ago. In a recent census of the newspapers of the country it was found that two-thirds of them were for a "forward policy"—and we know what that means. If the people move or if powerful interests move our Chief Magistrate, pure-minded and just-minded though he is, gives no sign that he will gainsay. To wait to know just how to act is legitimate; to wait for principles—what under heaven is that but to confess that we have no principles? Seeing that the nation has no mind on this new issue, this all-important, life and death issue to themselves, knowing full well that when conscience is not alive interests sweep men away, hearing the ever bolder and bolder expressions of imperialist policy from our newspapers, magazines and public men, and finding that the main problem discussed among us is how to get the islands and yet not give the people rights, who can wonder that the Philippinos, victims of disillusionment, lost their patience and made up their minds to strike a blow before it should be forever too late? For my own part, I have no wonder and rather admire, though I pity their ignorance and folly. Poor Philippinos! What are they with their scanty equipment, with their pitiful bows and arrows, before the army and the navy of the United States! But they will soon learn better—or at least those who survive after our gallant attacks! After the bravest are winnowed out we shall no doubt have a docile, obedient population to rule over and "benevolently assimilate."

The responsibility for the disgraceful battles of the past week is commonly put on the Senators who opposed the treaty. There never was a more superficial opinion. The real responsibility lay with those who have refused to say a single clear word to the effect

that we had no wish to govern the Philippines without their consent. One word even from the President alone to the effect that we viewed our offices as merely temporary, that ultimately we hoped the Philippines would be free even as Cuba is to be free, would have made the Philippinos our friends, would have made them not dream of opening hostilities upon us, would have made them gladly co-operate with us even as the Cubans are beginning to do in that long unhappy isle. Unless we are to embark on an imperialist policy, the slaughters on either side the past week are the sickliest, ghastliest waste that this war or any war has ever known. There is no honor for any American who fell on the plains near Manila in these engagements; there is no comfort for any desolate American home in the thought that the life was offered up for liberty or in any holy cause. If it was all waste there surely was no honor, and if it was necessary as a first step toward imperialism, there was honor only as honor and shame are one, only as there can be honor in fighting to enslave men. As holy as was the war for Cuba, so unholy is this war against the Philippines. It is a black disgrace to America, it makes me hang my head in shame for my country. If I had thought of this outcome I would rather have had the Cubans starved and rotted out than that this people, with its proud history, with its glorious past, should sully itself with such dishonor. I know, of course, there was nothing for our soldiers to do but to fire back when they were fired upon, and I nowise reflect upon the personal bravery they may have shown. They were victims, not causes; but the damnable disgrace of this business is on ourselves that we have not known our mind, and on the highest in the land that they have not known their mind.

It is high time this country took the bull by the horns and decided whether it is for imperialism or against imperialism. Everyone who believes in the forcible subjection of the Philippines, everyone who believes in prosecuting the present war even for a a day without an explicit declaration on our part that we have no designs on the liberty and independence of the Philippine people and mean ultimately to do for them only what we mean to do for Cuba, is an imperialist. He nowise differs from English imperialists, he nowise differs from those who went plundering the world (or approved of it) under a Roman emperor; the essence of imperialism is disregard of liberty. Those, on the other hand, who believe in liberty, who oppose conquest, are the anti-imperialists. It is not a question of how much territory we shall have, but of how it shall be acquired. It is not a question of favoring war or of opposing war, but of what we have to say to a specific kind of war. It is not a question of seeking new markets for American trade, or of being content with the markets we already have, but of what we are willing to do to get new markets. One thing at a time, and the nation needs to clearly envisage this question at the present moment.

Already there has been a relaxing of old sentiments. Even Mr. Blaine opposed the right of conquest. He induced the Pan-American Congress to distinctly say that the principle of conquest should not be recognized as admissible under American public law, and that all cessions of territory made under threats of war or the pressure of an armed force should be void. I fear that there are many who would not find that this expresses their sentiments now. President McKinley said in the case of Cuba that "forcible annexation cannot be thought of," that it would by our code of morals be "criminal aggression;" but how many would say it now with reference to the Philippines? Would our Chief Magistrate himself say it? It is not a moment too early to face this question and to settle it. It is now that we are at a real parting of the ways. Let us maintain our authority if we will in the Philippines, though we have only ourselves to thank that we must do this at such fearful cost, but let us say without further delay what our end and object is in asserting our authority. The whole future development of America turns on how we answer this question. If we go one way, we shall simply add America to the list of the Powers, of which the world has too many already that are unscrupulous foes of the liberty of man, and we shall do so without the excuse which old crowded Europe may plead for itself, do it in a kind of wantonness and speculative fever. And since we shall be learning contempt of liberty abroad, it will be harder to keep respect for liberty at home. Little by little individual rights, which it has been our glory to defend, will come to be regarded as indifferent matters. If on the other hand we withstand the temptation, the republic will be the stronger for this exercise of moral force, we shall continue in at least one respect to set an example to the nations, we shall move on further and further along the lines of our appointed task, to show how liberty may be guarded at home and how it may be protected and its area extended in the great world outside.

Sometimes ministers say no matter how the problem is settled, they believe the nation will prosper. They say they believe God has yet a work for America to do and that we shall go on as we have gone on. But a minister who reads his Bible should know better. The language reminds me of those in ancient Israel who leaned on Jehovah, saying, "Is not Jehovah in the midst of us? No evil can come upon us," whom Micah rebuked. God, the real God, is not indifferent which of two courses we take; he does not take care of us in any case; only if we take the right are we safe, and if we take the other he conducts us to destruction.

It is a sublime call which comes to the American nation to-day. Choose ye whom ye will serve, Mammon or Liberty and Right. Will you conquer races groping upward to freedom and to light, or will you make yourselves friends to them, assisting them, standing guard over them to prevent aggressions from without? The London *Spectator* says that an independent Philippine republic would in ten years be either English, German or Japanese. That is what we are to prevent. That is why we cannot withdraw from the China Sea and leave the Philippines absolutely to themselves. That is why I am glad that we have the sort of title-deed that we have. The other nations thereby respect us and know that if they interfere they will have someone else to reckon with besides a republic just in its swaddling clothes. We should give the Philippinos a chance. We should not impose upon them our civilization (beyond the mere respect for order, which, in the main, indeed, they already have), but let them develop their own civilization. The world is not all of one type, nor need civilization be a stereotyped thing. We should expect the Malays, under fostering influences, to contribute something to the world. Whatever they may absorb from contact with outside peoples let them absorb, but let them run it into their own moulds; let them add in this way to the variety and wonder and richness of the world. I devoutly hope, I would earnestly pray did I think there was any use in prayer, that America may see where the part of honor and glory really lie, and I can at least beseech you, my hearers, to weigh this whole matter solemnly in your minds, and if you find that you can agree with me, then go among your friends and acquaintances and make converts to your idea, speak in season and out of season, in public and in private about it, for I believe the fate of this nation now trembles in the balance and that action, right action, alone avails.

The Study Table.

An editor's table is a curious affair. It holds like an omnibus. There is always room for one more. Letters and papers, paper weights, paper clippings, paper cutters, bottles and hooks and files and books, in apparent confusion; but everyone exactly where the editor knows it ought to be. Others may call it a regular olla podrida; he knows better. His right-hand friend is a two-quart ink bottle, constantly undergoing requisitions. Don't touch that blotter, please; I know just where to find it. Another pen wiper? Thank you, dear soul. How thoughtful in you. I have only thirteen in sight. But generally I wipe my pen on my finger. You judge so, did you? Well, no woman is ever allowed to come near this table. Every daughter of Eve has an instinct to set things to rights; then it is all left for me; a dozen topics that were carefully filed in scraps and notes and data, are all neatly packed up together and tied with red cord. Good Lord! A month's work and brain rack for me! You would like some of the books that get here? Would you like to learn to read all sorts of books with a rush and almost at a glance? It is an awful concentration and it pulls down the nerves. A decent book reviewer pays twice over for all the books that are ever laid upon his table. My conviction is that not more than one book in twenty-five ever ought to see the light. For that reason I have refused to accept the miscellaneous output of the publishers.

A correspondent asks me to name the best six novels of 1898. At least six of the best were: "The Latimers," a novel that for some reason did not get proper notice from the reviewers; second, "The Forest Lovers;" third, "Caleb West;" fourth, "Penelope's Progress;" fifth "Story of an Untold Love;" sixth, "Prisoners of Hope;" seventh, "Adventures of Francois;" eighth, "Battle of the Strong;" ninth, "Red Rock."

From A. S. Barnes & Co. of New York the table receives "Bird Gods," by Charles DeKay. This is a model book in every way, both as to contents and get-up. Early races of men were astounded with the forethought, method, workmanship and industry of birds. Such traits and powers suggested beings with souls like our own. The influence of birds and beasts on prehistoric religion was wide and deep. The object of this book is to trace the worship of birds and the use of birds in the worship of primitive people. The author follows, in mythology and epic poetry and legends, the traces of certain birds—such as the eagle, the swan, the woodpecker, the cuckoo, the owl and the dove—and tries to show how their peculiarities and habits laid the foundation for certain elements in various religions. He has not forgotten that what our ancestors thought of birds and beasts, and how they idealized them may induce in us some shame at the extermination to which we are consigning the lovable but helpless creatures. He says, justly, that "Unless this is done, and done speedily, the whole earth will soon become a desert, without melody, given over to the insects, like some lands about the Mediterranean, where no wild animal can exist, and no gracious bird dares to raise its cheering voice." Not a little of the charm of the book lies in the decorations by George Wharton Edwards. It is a delightful book every way and the spirit of it is thoroughly noble.

From Charles Scribner's Sons I have a contribution to the all-absorbing discussion which is now engaging the civilized world, as to the failure or success of democracy. It is by Prof. James H. Hyslop of Columbia University. The book is written in part as a reply to W. H. H. Lecky. Not entirely disagreeing with the sharp critic, the author offers for debate a complete system of government, which, he informs us, is neither a reaction toward monarchy nor an acceptance of the *status quo*. In several of my recent reviews I have shown that New York City is quite inclined to show that it has not entirely forgotten the fact that it was once the refuge of American Tories. It is a curious fact that Boston is to-day a good deal the Boston of 1776, and while the Samuel Adams's control events, the pessimist Pickerings are still abundant. Baltimore and Philadelphia equally carry the old characteristics, which crop out as applied to new questions. Columbia University, in New York, is pretty sure at all times to give us something not quite unlike what Mr. Godkin has given us in his "Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy." But this book of Prof. Hyslop is exceedingly useful, because while sharply critical of the republic, it is exceedingly constructive in its tendencies. His suggestions deserve general consideration and discussion. It is beyond question that many of these suggestions will yet become incorporated in the American system. On page 174, as a sample, he urges a complete system of commissions, covering the whole field of legislative action, appointed by the executive. These commissions he enumerates as, (1) a Commission of Banking and Currency, (2) a Commission on Taxation and Revenue, (3) a Commission of Appropriations and Internal Improvements, (4) a Commission of Industrial and Labor Problems, (5) a Commission on General and Unclassified Legislation. The book is worthy of the closest study and the sharpest criticism.

A writer in the *Forum* argues very strongly that journalism as it exists to-day should not remain impersonal. He says there is no reason why the man who daily fills the editorial or the reportorial columns of the newspaper should hide his personality. He is right about this, from whatever standpoint may be taken. In the first place, no man should be allowed the freedom of a journalist without taking the consequences which follow what he may say. On the other hand, the writer should assert himself. By coming in personal touch with the people, he secures an influence for good which he could not otherwise exercise. The writer of this article says that old-time journalism was the voice of vigorous personality. Impersonalism means irresponsible journalism. Irresponsible newspaper writing means decadence of power, and the gradual decline of a profession that should be paramount in its range of influence. The people who read newspapers should be able to identify every editorial utterance with a robust and potential personality. At present journalism stands for mercenary money-making. The best writers and noblest characters in the country are put under the extinguisher of impersonality.

Literature tells us that, "In one sense of the word there is no such thing as originality; in another sense it is not uncommon. We all know that Shakespeare's borrowing arm was a very long one indeed. 'Old Chronicles,' 'North's Plutarch,' 'Medieval English Poetry,' 'Italian Novelists,' 'Contemporary Playwrights,' all were laid under contribution; and in the same way Milton probably conveyed 'L Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso' from Burton's 'Abstract of Melancholy,' and certainly made considerable use of a Dutch poet's 'Lucifer' in the construction of 'Paradise Lost.' 'Tristram Shandy' is one of the most original books in English literature, and yet it is a patchwork of outrageous thefts, and melancholy Burton himself, from whom Sterne stole, contrived to get the effect of originality into his 'Anatomy,' which is a mere canto of quotations."

E. P. P.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—There is an eternity in right.
MON.—The supreme happiness of life is the conviction of being loved for yourself, or more correctly, in spite of yourself.
TUES.—Daring is the price paid of progress.
WED.—So long as man is a child, God wills that he be innocent.
THURS.—Persons who fall without being degraded, are rare.
FRI.—Happy, even in agony, is the man to whom God has granted a soul worthy of love and misfortune.
SAT.—What love begins can only be completed by God.
—*Victor Hugo...*

The Red Cross Army Nurse.

The praises of the admirals are ringing everywhere;
The plaudits of the generals are singing in the air;
The hard marines whose tactics knew no signal for retreat,
In the rain of Mauser bullets and the drench of tropic heat,
The rough-and-ready riders in their resolute advance,
All make our daily records a continuous romance:
We cry them in our stories, we chant them in our verse,
But let us sing a stanza for the Red Cross army nurse.

She is in the foremost battle, she is in the rearmost tents,
She wears no weapon of attack, no armor of defence,
She is braver than the bravest, she is truer than the true;
She asks not if the soldier struck for red and white and blue,
She asks not if he fell beneath the yellow and the red:
She is mother of the wounded, she is sister to the dead,
And many a suffering hero chokes his blind and sullen curse
To smooth it to a blessing to the Red Cross army nurse.

Work on, O noble army, and the crown of crowns be yours.
Not always shall destruction be the glory which endures.
It is coming, it is coming; you are helping on the day
When we learn the nobler action is to succor, not to slay;
It is coming, it is coming; you are aiding it along
When we know the feeblest nation is as potent as the strong;
But in the stormy waiting till the armaments disperse,
Our blessings on the flower of war—the Red Cross army nurse.
—*Youth's Companion.*

The Queen's White Doves.

One of the prettiest features of the installation of Wilhelmina as Queen of the Netherlands was the releasing of 6,000 carrier pigeons to bear to every part of the Low Countries the message of joy to the Dutch people that their beloved young queen had really come into her own—had taken her oath of fealty to them and received through their representative their own pledge of loyalty and devotion. In quaint little towns, where windmills turned and where lazy-looking sail boats drifted up and down canals, Dutch peasants watched for the white-winged messenger, whose coming would announce the enthronement of the young girl Holland loves. In her childhood she was allowed a rare privilege for royal children—to play with other children in the streets. Once, when she was about ten years old, she was enjoying a sleigh ride with her mother, the Queen Regent, and came upon a large group of children playing snowball. Wilhelmina asked permission to join in the sport and the royal sleigh stood still for half an hour, "while the future sovereign of the Netherlands was boisterously hitting and being hit by nobody knows who." Her teachers were charged by her mother to treat her as they would any other school girl. The mother's purpose was to make Wilhelmina just what she is—a sweet, wholesome, healthy, well-educated Dutchwoman.—*Exchange.*

"I hold him great who, for love's sake,
Can give, with generous, earnest will;—
Yet he who takes for love's sweet sake,
I think I hold more generous still."

Armor-Plated Boys.

It is important in these days that America should have armor-plated boys.

A boy needs to be ironclad on—
His lips, against the first taste of liquor.
His ears, against impure words.
His hands, that they handle nothing wrong.
His heart, against irreverence and doubt.
His stomach, against too rich food.
His feet, against going with bad company.
His eyes, against dangerous books and pictures.
His pockets, against covetousness and dishonest money.
His tongue, against evil sentiments.

The Christian armor on her citizens gives more security to the nation than all the "armor-plate" can on her ships.
—*The Outlook...*

The Elephant as Nurse.

A military officer in the East India service says: "I have seen the wife of a mahout give a baby in charge to an elephant while she went on some business, and have been highly amused in observing the maneuvers of the unwieldy nurse. The child began crawling about, and would soon get under the feet of the elephant or entangled in the branches of the tree on which he was feeding. The elephant, in the most tender manner, would lift it out of the way, or remove the obstacle to his progress. If the child reached the limits of the elephant's chain he would pull it back as gently as possible. When the child fell asleep he broke off a branch and kept away the flies, although he was himself greatly annoyed by the same little pests."—*The Animate World.*

The Tea Party.

Out in the garden under a tree,
Look sharply now, and tell what you see:
Why, two little dames and a doggie at tea.

With the best pink set the table is spread,
With Bess at the foot and Dot at the head,
And between them the doggie waits to be fed.

But of everything there is just a pair—
Two cakes, two buns, two peaches rare;
And where can be the doggie's share?

Too polite are they to send him away.
Besides, you know, he wouldn't stay.
So a brilliant idea comes into the play.

A paper peach will do for him,
And a pasteboard cake, although pretty thin,
And a pasteboard bun, all served on a tin.

But, hark, a band comes down the street.
The girls dash off on eager feet,
To stand at the gate and enjoy a treat.

At last they run back to their dainty fare:
The doggie sits up in his own little chair,
But—nothing is left but his own little share. *Selected.*

"Is Father on Deck?"

A number of years ago Captain D. commanded a vessel sailing from Liverpool to New York, and on one voyage he had all his family with him on board the ship.

One night when all were quietly asleep, there arose a sudden squall of wind which came sweeping over the waters until it struck the vessel and instantly threw her on her side, tumbling and crashing everything that was movable, and awaking the passengers to a consciousness that they were in imminent peril.

Everyone on board was alarmed and uneasy; and some sprang from their berths and began to dress that they might be ready for the worst.

Captain D. had a little girl on board just eight years old, who, of course, awoke with the rest.

"What's the matter?" said the frightened child.

They told her a squall had struck the ship.

"Is father on deck?" said she.

"Yes; father's on deck."

The little thing dropped herself on her pillow again without a fear, and in a few moments was sleeping sweetly in spite of winds or waves.—*Exchange.*

UNITY

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

The American Institute of Sacred Literature.—This organization, of which Doctor Harper of the University of Chicago is principal, and which is directed by a council of seventy, is to hold the annual meeting of the council at the University on the 4th of March. The reports of the committees there presented are published in the United States Bureau of Education in its official report. In connection with this meeting there will be held a series of conferences for college students, with a special view of meeting the students' difficulties concerning the Bible. The following program will show that this organization is at least willing to take the bull by the horns. Every minister will regret, with the present writer, the preoccupations that prevent an attendance upon these meetings.

PROGRAM.

Friday, March 3, 4:00 p. m. "The Scientific Difficulties. Points of Contact Between the Bible and Science." Professor George S. Goodspeed.
The Science Point of View, Professor John M. Coulter.
The Bible Point of View, President William R. Harper.
Question Conference.
Friday, March 3, 7:30 p. m. "The Ethical Difficulties."
The Difficulties Stated, Professor George B. Foster.
The Point of View of Modern Ethics, Professor James H. Tufts.
The Biblical Point of View, Professor Ernest D. Burton.
Question Conference.
Saturday, March 4, 4:00 p. m. "Miracles."
The Old Testament Miracles, Professor Geo. L. Robinson.
The New Testament Miracles, Professor Shailer Mathews.
The Possibility of Miracles, Professor W. Douglas Mackenzie.
Question Conference.
Saturday, March 4, 7:30 p. m. "The Doctrine of Evolution."
Evolution as Found in Nature, Professor Charles O. Whitman.
Evolution as Found in History, Professor Albion W. Small.
Evolution as Found in the Bible, Professor George S. Goodspeed.
The Student's Attitude toward Evolution, President John H. Barrows.
Question Conference.
*Sunday, March 5, 4:00 p. m. "Inspiration."
The Inspiration of Events, President William R. Harper.
The Inspiration of Thought, Dr. Clyde W. Votaw.
The Inspiration of the Record, Professor Ernest D. Burton.
Question Conference.
Sunday, March 5, 7:30 p. m. "The Literary Form of the Bible."
The Methods Employed by Biblical Writers. Professor Shailer Mathews.
The Spirit and Purpose of the Biblical Writers, Professor Ernest D. Burton.
The Literary Form of the Bible as Adapted to its Spirit and purposes, President William R. Harper.
Question Conference.
*Kent Theater.

Correspondence. — The editors of UNITY are not unmindful of the fact that they have in recent issues sorely tried many subscribers. They are conscious that there is a large amount of sincerity and good feeling that is in favor of subjugating, if necessary for its own good the territory which some deem honorably acquired by the exigences of the war with Spain. We only ask such to as frankly recognize our profound conviction that a serious issue is upon us, and that our objection rests on essential antagonism to war, and the fundamental interpretation of the Republican idea of government as being inimical to "Conquest," "Colonization" (except by consent of the colonized), and "Possessions." But in view of the honest dissent we will gladly open our columns for so much of the other side as our space will permit. Below we give some letters, showing that at least UNITY is striking chords of vital interest.

From a Private Letter.—"One who loves UNITY, and has done some work for it": "You seem to be undoing what has been laboriously done through these many years. I am not yet worked up to the point of crying, 'Stop my paper!' but I can see how I and many another soon may be by the attitude taken in regard to the duty of the United States and the Philippines. I dissent entirely, as I presume many of your readers do, from the position of UNITY in this matter. Editors, doubtless, have as good a right to their opinions as other people, though it may be questioned whether an editor or a minister is called upon to express all his opinions on all subjects. What I complain of is the captious, violent, copperhead spirit of your political editorials. This would be in bad enough temper and taste in a secular journal. With a religious journal they are simply unbearable. This is not the spirit that unifies in anything. Where is that Catholicity, that considerateness for other honest people's views on which you have sought to found religious unity in the Liberal Congress? Is it not time to call a halt on these violent, disloyal, stupid diatribes?"

From Rev. Marion D. Shutter, pastor of the Universalist Church, Minneapolis:

I want to say to you that I indorse the views you have expressed in your editorial on the right of editors to hold an opinion. It is an unpleasant commentary on the neutral attitude of liberals when they will stop a paper whose editors sometimes express different views from their own. One of the hardest things that a man, who has left the orthodox ranks as I did, some years ago, to become accustomed to, is "liberal bigotry." As our old friend, Tony Weller, used to say about "Weller" and "gammon," those two words ought never to be brought into "contract." For myself, I do not agree with your position on the Philippines, or upon the whole subject of expansion, or "imperialism," but if you ever fail to speak or write what you believe to be the truth on that subject, I shall then, and only then, feel justifiable in cancelling my subscription. Go on and tell the truth, as God gives you to see the truth, and may your work prosper.

From Rev. Loren B, Macdonald, of Concord, Mass —

Thank you for the brave word in behalf of the Philippinos and wholesome attitude you assume toward the great national crisis. If you are "out of your right mind" in regard to that question, I could wish that more could share with you the same aberration. I inclose not only my own yearly subscription, but another one to take the place of the offended subscriber who bade you stop his paper. I write this almost under the shadow of the Minute-man, and can fancy I see in that eager face amazement at the use we are making to-day of that principle of liberty for which he fought and bled. A voice from Old Concord bids you speak the good word fearlessly in behalf of human rights, and the highest interests of this great Republic.

C. H. Pemberton, of Philadelphia, Pa.:—

I write to commend heartily your stand on the rights of editors to state fearlessly what they think on great public questions. One of the most alarming signs in the present situation is the way in which the entire press of the country, with but very few exceptions, has been intimidated, cajoled or bribed—which is it?—(perhaps bought up by a syndicate) into supporting the administration in its policy of imperialism.

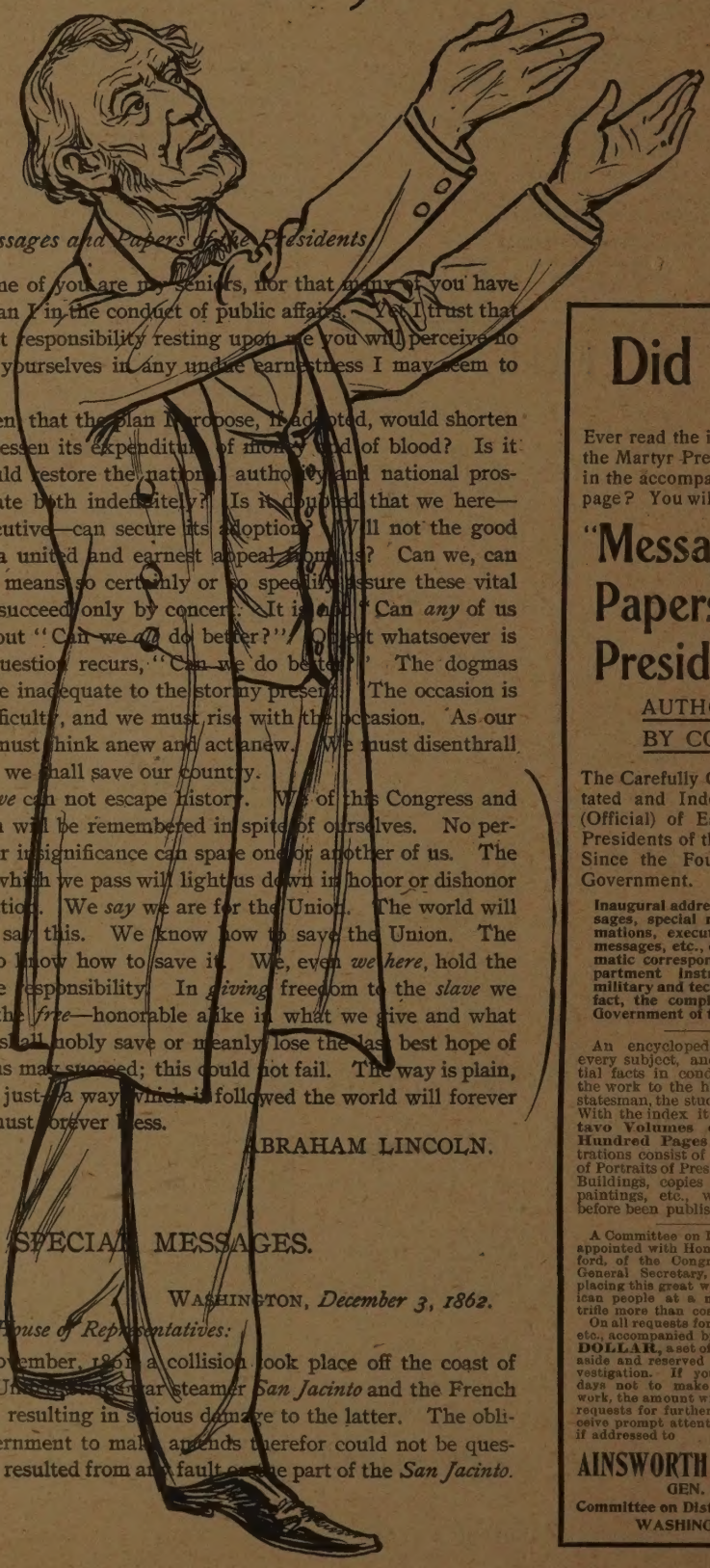
Papers which were outspoken against a colonial policy only a month or so ago have since become silent, and are openly advocating a despotic rule in the Philippines. These same journals, whose columns were formerly open to the discussion of public questions by their readers, now will print no communication implying criticism on the imperialistic tendencies—even when the criticism is in the exact line of their own editorials of two months ago.

Is there any longer a free press in this country? Even our news is filtered to us through a government censorship established at Manila. It has been repeatedly stated that no news "unfavorable to the Americans" is permitted to pass the censor.

Will you kindly explain why the American people should be kept in the dark in regard to the operations of the American forces? If our soldiers are looting, burning and exterminating the native population, does not the responsibility rest upon us, and is not the shame of all military blunders and criminal vadalism our shame?

Are we going to wake up some fine morning and find ourselves saddled with an American Emperor? It would seem that our imperialists are getting us ready to accept a change of this kind without murmuring.

LINCOLN, Poet and Prophet



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do I forget that some of you are my seniors, nor that many of you have more experience than I in the conduct of public affairs. Yet I trust that in view of the great responsibility resting upon me you will perceive no want of respect to yourselves in any undue earnestness I may seem to display.

Is it doubted, then, that the plan I propose, if adopted, would shorten the war, and thus lessen its expenditure of money and of blood? Is it doubted that it would restore the national authority and national prosperity and perpetuate both indefinitely? Is it doubted that we here—Congress and Executive—can secure its adoption? Will not the good people respond to a united and earnest appeal from us? Can we, can they, by any other means so certainly or so speedily assure these vital objects? We can succeed only by concert. It is not "Can *any* of us *imagine* better?" but "Can we *all* do better?" Object whatsoever is possible, still the question recurs, "Can we do better?" The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves, and then we shall save our country.

Fellow-citizens, *we* can not escape history. We of this Congress and this Administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honor or dishonor to the latest generation. We *say* we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we do know how to save it. We, even *we here*, hold the power and bear the responsibility. In *giving* freedom to the *slave* we *assure* freedom to the *free*—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth. Other means may succeed; this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—a way which if followed the world will forever applaud and God must forever bless.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

SPECIAL MESSAGES.

WASHINGTON, *December 3, 1862.*

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

On the 3d of November, 1861, a collision took place off the coast of Cuba between the United States war steamer *San Jacinto* and the French brig *Jules et Marie*, resulting in serious damage to the latter. The obligation of this Government to make amends therefor could not be questioned if the injury resulted from any fault on the part of the *San Jacinto*.

Did YOU

Ever read the inspired words of the Martyr President, bracketed in the accompanying fac-simile page? You will find them in the

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